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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Nameless Fold

O Shepherd of the Nameless Fold,
  The blessed Church to be,
Our hearts with love and longing turn
  To find their rest in Thee.
Thy kingdom come! Its heavenly walls
  Unseen around us rise,
And deep in loving human hearts
  Its broad foundation lies.

From out our low, unloving state,
  Our centuries of strife,
Thy hand, O Shepherd of the flock,
  Is lifting us to life;
From all our old divided ways
  And fruitless fields we turn
To thy dear feet, the simple law
  Of Christian love to learn.

O holy kingdom! happy fold!
  O blessed Church to be!
Our hearts in love and worship turn
  To find themselves in thee;
Thy bounds are known to God alone,
  For they are set above:
The length, the breadth, the height are one,
  And measured in his love.

—*Mary Artemisia Latbury.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1909. NUMBER 6.

Give us to awake with smiles give us to labor smiling. . . . As the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

The readers of UNITY are familiar with the name of A. Judson Rich, as his lines have appeared in UNITY for many years. It was good to see his face at the UNITY office and in the corridors of the Lincoln Centre among the delegates to the Unitarian Conference of last week. The whitened locks alone would seem to justify the recent honors showered upon him at his home in Dighton, Mass., where he retires from the active pastorate of a society which he has served for the last ten years. Henceforth he will be Pastor Emeritus, and free to roam at leisure or to serve as he may his neighboring ministers and needy churches with a coöperative hand. Mr. Rich *is* an Unitarian minister, but as becomes a true Unitarian, he is beloved by his town and was honored by the community. On one occasion the Methodist pastor found place for him in his communion service, and Methodists and Baptists joined in honoring him as a citizen. UNITY sends its best wishes with this poet-preacher as he travels across the mountains toward the Golden Gate and up and down the coast. May the trip attune his lyre to further melodies. His verses have already served liturgical purposes in the liberal churches of Australia, England, and America. His "Travel Papers," contributions to the Boston *Transcript* on the occasion of a European journey, have been gathered into a guidebook. The Senior Editor of UNITY here acknowledges his appreciation of his frequent contributions and cordial support.

UNITY has too long neglected calling attention to an interesting venture by Prof. Charles L. Abbott, of St. Paul, which is none other than to give a modern, up-to-date translation of the New Testament. It is an attempt, as we undersand it, to render the words of Paul and the other writers into the vernacular of the twentieth century. This has already been undertaken by some English scholars, who have given us "The Twentieth Century New Testament," which has received the commendation of many scholars and has added new zest to the New Testament reading for many students. The writer has not examined in detail and would not presume to pass upon the merits of Prof. Abbott's version which is appearing in the shape of a quarterly magazine published at the rate of $1.00 per year; single numbers 25 cents. Subscriptions to the same are solicited by the Common Sense Bible-Teacher, St. Paul, Minn. Prof. Abbott says in connection with his undertaking:

> "The Bible is the worst-translated book in the world. Many pages are mere groups of words without meaning in the authorized version. We have had a wrong impression of the character of St. Paul's letters. His letters are vigorous and impressive, at least the Corinthians said so, (2d Corinthians, 10, 10) and they ought to know. I am only making them read the same way in English. The New Testament boks were written one at a time and collected afterwards, my versions of them coming out in the same way and in the same order. It adds immensely to the interest and intelligibility of the books to have them in their true order."

Prof. Abbott's translations have already been favorably noted in the columns of UNITY, and many of our readers should hasten to send for the numbers already issued that they may judge for themselves.

Chicago is being tempted by a most attractive dream of a great unification of its inter-mural transportation systems, by which the surface street car systems, the elevated railway and the great subway system, and the electric lighting systems are all to be combined and perfected. The scheme is an alluring one, and all this is proposed by some hidden syndicate of capitalists prepared to invest $300,000,000 in the venture if only the necessary franchises are granted. Who these capitalists are does not appear. The absence in Europe of two of the "leaders of the city council" perhaps gives rise to the rumor that the great Rothschilds of Europe are back of the scheme. Whoever they are, it is obvious that they are after "a good investment" rather than the well-being of Chicago or the comfort of its citizens. Let Chicago beware of the temptations or the arguments of the "practical man." Chicago has fought a good and a long fight in the interests of municipal control and in the direction of municipal ownership. The citizens of Chicago can better afford to endure the inconveniences of inadequate transportation for twenty-five years more than to submit to a century's tyranny and extortion, or a perpetual tribute to private greed. The true patriot sees calamity more dire than congested streets and inadequate transportation confronting a great metropolis like Chicago, and the intelligent citizen will be willing to hang to a strap a while longer rather than to have a great necessity provided in the wrong way. UNITY

once more takes its stand with the strap-hangers in the interest of the municipality which now is or soon will be competent to own and direct its great utilities of light, water, transportation, and kindred activities. Thus only can it permanently conserve the highest interests of all the people.

General Frederick Dent Grant is proving himself a veritable "chip of the old block," a worthy son of the dauntless father. The writer of this note was one of the thousands who followed the lead of "Unconditional Surrender Grant," but never was that leadership more heroic, more needed, or more noble than his son's leadership of the hosts of Temperance in the parade already alluded to in these columns. The attempt to bring discredit upon this leadership by invoking the interference of the War Department has only served to make the action of the son more effective. In the circles in which General Grant moves it takes a brave man to say, "I do not dare drink." It takes a wise as well as a bold man to embody in his official report, as General Grant recently did, the opinion that most of the troubles in the army arise from drink. General Grant unqualifiedly commits himself in practice and in theory to total abstinence and to such prohibition as may be achieved by law, and yet under certain conditions he favors the canteen as being the less of two evils. Of course, a canteen inside the camp, subject to military regulations, is better than a dive outside with all the accompanying degradations, but the time is already here when this dire alternative need not be forced. Suppose the outside as well as the inside "goes dry." Suppose military encampments find themselves established in Mississippi, Tennessee, or in any one of the hundreds of the dry counties in the other states. The slogan for the army, as for civil life, is "Extend the dry territory until it includes military camps and their village environments, as well as cities and counties." The verdict of science and the trend of scientific as well as public sentiment expressed at the polls unite in emphasizing the edict, "The Saloon Must Go!"

Gypsy Smith is in Chicago and has entered upon a great campaign against vice and ir-religion of every kind. Surely there is plenty of that work to do, and as surely such earnest vehemence and unchallenged sincerity as are found in Mr. Smith must carry conviction to many lives and leave behind practical redemption that will stay in many a heart and in many a home. The psychology of the revival meeting is not obscure or occult. Profound impressions sometimes are wakened under high excitements; emotions are contagious; and the spirit is sometimes released by violent shocks to the complacency of convention or the tyranny of habit. And so we can but wish well for Gypsy Smith in his Chicago campaign, though we cannot endorse his theology or use his method. Great storms may clear the atmosphere, but they do much violence in the course, and the gentle rain does more than a flood to revive the parched field and to nourish the growing grain. It is a misfortune, in the long run, to wed an obsolete and dying theology with the permanent demands of morality and the lasting verities of the spiritual life. The theology of Gypsy Smith, with its lurid hell, its active devils, its supernatural Christ, are passing elements, but his condemnation of drunkenness, his denunciation of the profane and the gambling life, his appeal for domestic virtue, civic integrity, and the public spirit are permanent. We should like to see these things separated in his appeal as they are separable in our thought, but failing this separation we see in Gypsy Smith one of the best representatives of a questionable method. The parable of the tares seems to suggest the wise attitude. When it is impossible to distinguish between the wheat and the tares it is better for the time being to let them grow together lest the growing wheat be interfered with and the harvest be reduced. Time will do the sifting. The wheat will yield nourishment to the city. The tares will in due time be cast aside and forgotten.

The meeting of the National Women's Trade Union League, which ran simultaneously with the National Unitarian Conference in Chicago last week, is pronounced the "most successful and spirited in the history of the organization." That this organization of women workers has done much for its members in promoting and providing the amenities of life all agree. But the conservatives who are glad to praise their music and their socials cannot keep these women out of politics and the legislative and law-enforcement activities that so engage the attention of their laboring brothers. The women ask for new enactments or the enforcement of existing ones that will give them more sanitary workshops, better protected machinery, more reasonable hours, and more just wages. A Chicago judge has recently declared the eight-hour law for women enacted by the last legislature of the state of Illinois unconstitutional because it interferes with the right of contract on the part of women. It hardly seems possible that the higher courts will sustain the decision, representing as it does an antiquated standard of legal ethics. The old "personal liberty" contention is being subordinated in a thousand ways to social well-being. Rights of contract, like all other rights of the individual, are being more and more circumscribed by the rights of the community. A man may no longer walk where he pleases or when he pleases. He may not ride his own horse or drive his own automobile as he likes. A man's liberty of contract is interfered with in the food he eats and the clothes he wears. Private liberty like

private morality must ever give way to public interest and social morality. Ethically the state has a right to interfere with a woman's right of contract when that right is exercised to the injury of childhood, the home, or the coming race, and if there are constitutional barriers to such interference, constitutions should be changed. Let the Women's Trade Union League be strengthened and upheld.

The National Unitarian Conference

The western experiment has been tried and we think the verdict of the experts is that it was a success. The attendance of delegates, while necessarily not so large as has been wont to gather at Saratoga or Atlantic City, was still sufficiently large to overflow the smaller hall on the ninth floor of the Fine Arts Building and to give a comfortable feeling of fullness to the larger hall on the main floor. Probably the quality of the delegates atoned for any deficiency in numbers, for it is safe to say that only those who meant business traveled the long distance from Boston to Chicago. The junketing element in the excursion was reduced to the minimum. The program was carried out with exceptional fidelity. There was a notable absence of the eminent and national men that the Unitarian movement suggests. It was doubtless designedly so; it was what officials would pronounce a "working program." Due attention was paid to the machinery of the denomination, perhaps to the loss of the inspiration of the denomination.

But the convention was not wanting in inspiration, and there were sufficient electrical manifestations to prove the existence of live wires. The visit to the Hull House on Wednesday afternoon, where eighty or more took luncheon and were welcomed by Miss Julia Lathrop in the absence of Miss Addams, was an educational occasion, and the visit of a smaller band of delegates to one of the small parks was a revelation. They deplored the lost opportunity of holding the sociological session of the congress in the beautiful field-house as a guest of the city, to be followed by the social hour where municipal ice cream might have been served. The sight-seeing itineraries of all the parties ended at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, where several hundred delegates arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. They were escorted in squads through the building, refreshments were served on the fourth floor and then they assembled in the auditorium and a word of welcome and explanation was spoken by the Head Resident, which was caught by our reporter and will be printed in these columns.

On Thursday afternoon just 102 ministers sat down to luncheon at the Lincoln Centre; after luncheon they gathered together in Emerson Hall and spent two hours in friendly converse and high themes. Some of the knowing ones surmised that "it was the biggest bunch of Unitarian ministers that ever sat down to break bread together at one time." Be that as it may, the fellowship was cordial and the discussion high. Although it was for "ministers only" our reporter caught some of the utterances on the fly and has transcribed them for these pages.

Perhaps the conference reached its climax in intensity of interest and prophetic power in the paper of William C. Gannett on "The Motives of Unitarianism." We will not try to characterize the paper for in due time we hope to give it to our readers. Suffice it to say that the paper which began in retrospect ended in brave prospect. His suggestion that the name be changed from the ambiguous and limiting title of "Unitarian and other Christian churches" to "Unitarian and kindred churches" brought from Rev. Mr. Boynton of Buffalo the motion to enact the suggestion at once. The motion was met with cheers but for parliamentary reasons it has to go over to the next session. If the word "churches" be changed to "societies," which was probably the intention of both the essayist and the maker of the motion, the way will be open for a coöperation on many lines with men and organizations who hold much in common with the Unitarian movement. The attendant suggestion that with the change of name the conference should "with practical unanimity declare itself standing for the religion of Jesus, love to God and love to man," is one that will doubtless call forth much thought, discussion and, maybe, controversy. What the religion of Jesus was is not so clear to the modern scholar as the average Unitarian has assumed. That it contains love to God and love to man is true, but that this was the full or even the main content in his mind or those of his contemporaries is a matter of growing doubt; at least the statement of it dogmatically is begging the question. If the record is to be trusted, there were elements of Second Adventism, of sheep from goats separation, of a gehenna fire, of diabolical possessions, of supernatural interference, which modern thought is loath to accept.

But the live wire that gave forth sparks whenever touched was the one relating to the social sanctities. The demand that Unitarians join with the living, progressive elements in all the churches in transferring religious interest, study and activity from a theological to a sociological bias, everywhere and always, touched sensitive chords.

Altogether, we venture the opinion that the Unitarians took a new lease of life in this national conference. The western meeting, the opening again the question of name and purpose, the disposition to face, however reluctantly, the high and hot problems of modern life, the conditions of the kingdom of God on earth, in business, in the home, in the state, all indicate growing pains. These show that Unitarians still have the disposition to adjust themselves to new lines of thought, new problems of ethics, the latest

issues of the state, which has characterized their past history.

To the present writer it was a new Unitarian conference. Few of the fathers were in evidence. The young men, the boys in the Unitarian ministry, were in evidence, waiting for their innings. To our eyes they seemed a promising lot. They are backed with great tradition; they are fronted with a greater opportunity.

"Greater things than these will ye do."

Address of Welcome to the Abraham Lincoln Centre

To the Delegates to the National Unitarian Conference, September 29, 1909, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Dear Friends: I am glad you are here—very glad. I am glad with a great, deep gladness for the privilege of welcoming you to this place. I know, though you may not be so sure of it, that in coming to this place you are coming to your own in a very profound sense; and in speaking my word of welcome I speak with equal confidence for the members of All Souls Church and the workers of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. If we had known that so goodly a company was coming, we might have done better.

But I must not waste your time. Most of you have been through this building. You have passed through its corridors and have peeped into its rooms. You are now assembled in the main auditorium, and while you are comfortably seated let me ask you to accompany me again on a hurried itinerary through the building.

To begin at the bottom: I am quite sure that most of you missed what comes near to being the storm center of our civilization, and certainly the heart of the institutional work at this as at any other social center. But few of you went downstairs. That high basement, well-lighted and reasonably well furnished, is the place where we have it out with the boys, and that is always a big and a hard problem. There is no use in swinging open the "Boys' Open Door" until the snow flies. Then the boys will come of their own accord. You do not know the Lincoln Centre unless you have seen this department. Go down there; note our manual training equipment for wood and iron; see the dark-rooms for photography work, and the bath rooms; and note the amusement tables (not yet spread), and then guess what we are trying to do for and with the boys.

I am afraid you do not sufficiently understand the main floor. Not many of you went into the library in the southwest corner of the building, where we have a reading clientele of from six hundred to a thousand who draw books from the circulating library and patronize the reading room, which is open all the waking hours of the day and always occupied.

You did look into the Lincoln Centre shop, the one mercantile corner in the building. In my own mind at least I have called this the "Nancy Hanks Room." Here some day I hope in some fitting way will be commemorated the most neglected woman in American history, the little mother of the great President.

You did not visit in large numbers the room in the northeast corner, our "Unity Room," the center where we do our publishing work. You did look into my study, and you noted the connecting room between—the office of the building.

The room into which the elevator opens is our reception room. Here is the desk of our Helen Heath worker, a name which means little or nothing to you but much to us, our charity helper.

Coming up the stairs, you are now seated in what, architecturally speaking, are the second and third stories of the building. You noted, though you probably did not understand, the little room to the northeast of this platform. Its existence is to be known only to tired women, or women with weary children. We call it the rest room. There is a sort of understanding that in this room only are women permitted to faint, because there are the restoratives necessary in such emergencies. A companion room to the west we call our "One Picture Room." We hope to have hanging here at all times one loaned picture of high workmanship.

On the fourth floor, where probably you spent most of your time and had the best time, is the Emerson Hall, and in the southeast corner the Civics Room, which has been furnished by the children of a good friend of this institution, W. H. Colvin, of blessed memory. They expect to put several hundred dollars' worth of books bearing on civic and municipal subjects into the book cases, and a Civics Club will grow into the room.

In the opposite corner is the Browning Room, which we have begun to furnish. Between these two rooms is an un-named and unfurnished room. I am almost tempted in this presence to give a secret away and tell you what I want to do with that room when the means are forthcoming.

On the fifth floor are the residence rooms, where ten workers find their home, with the necessary living-room and kitchen in connection. Here also the Head Resident and his family have their rooms.

On the sixth floor are the kindergarten, gymnasium, and domestic science rooms, and some more resident rooms. In the half-story above are additional rooms for the helpers.

Altogether this "shop" employs twenty-three people who give all their time to the establishment, counting from the scrub-women to the Minister, and the Minister is the one who can be best spared. He is the only one in the team who can go and come without any interruption of the "wheels."

We are running this institution on an annual expense account of about $22,000. The treasurer of the central fund has only about $16,000 to take care of. We have been able to finance many of the activities of the building by making them separate centers and separate interests. For instance, the domestic science, the library, the manual training, the gymnasium, all have their separate pocket-books.

The institution as you see it represents a material plant that has cost in round numbers $200,000; about $150,000 in the building, and $50,000 in the real estate. We have no debt, and never had except for the irregularities of the current fund, of which we are generally a little ahead, but which comes out even at the end of the year. We have never had a mortgage on this property.

But let me take note of three questions which I am sure you would like to have a chance to ask me. In all frankness I am going to try to give you an answer.

My neighbors do not ask me what you are continually asking, viz., "What do you stand for, anyhow? What does this church stand for?" You may not see why I am not an Unitarian and organically affiliated with that denomination, while I am so ready to confess, always, that in thought, conviction, and attitude of spirit I am an Unitarian of the Unitarians. There is no time for argument, but I want to say to you that it is my conviction that this work never could have been done, and never ought to have been done under any denominational flag, even of my own choosing. This is a neighborhood utility, and ninety per cent of its functions are neighborhood functions, appealing alike to all right-minded men and women of whatever confession. This institution, as a center to which gravitate all human needs and from which radiates all possible helpfulness, is cordially welcomed by the whole neighborhood. My neighbors across the way, the Baptist and Methodist ministers, my Catholic friend, and Dr. Hirsch to the north of us, alike understand our purposes and are glad to coöperate as far as lies in their power.

I yield to no man in my loyalty to the Unitarian traditions. I am in the habit of saying that it reaches back farther than any of your modern American antecedents, for the original Jenkin Jones left the inside of the Episcopal church to preach his sermon in his mother's garden, away back in 1726, while Channing's Baltimore sermon was not preached until 1819. There has been heresy in the blood ever since, and still is. If I understand myself, I believe with all my heart in the teachings and promulgations of the Unitarian traditions, and still more the Unitarian tendencies—the movement. By virtue of these convictions and traditions I have felt increasingly that the message was too progressive, and the charge and possibility of this venture were too imperative to be handicapped with any suggestion of a denominational limit.

In stating it all this once more I am stating it in the presence of my brothers and sisters. This is why I cannot fly over this building, dedicated as it is to the needs of the community, a name that under any interpretation carries with it any suggestion of schism and division.

There is another question you want to ask. In this presence it is a hot question just now, as you know. "Does not this attempt to institutionalize religion have a tendency to materialize or unspiritualize the messenger if not the message?" There are those of you who have a real anxiety lest this attempt to lend to the Lord our hands to do his chores may rob the heart of its pulsations; lest the feet that run on the errands of his mercy may weaken the power of the soul that praises and worships. I shall not argue this question, and I am not going to beg the question. I shall simply bear witness to the fact that in so far as we have been able to embody our message a little in our activities, our devotions have deepened. In the presence of these preachers I am glad to say that my experience would teach me that it is a sad day for religion when we try to distinguish between the prophet and the priest at their best,—the man with a message and the man who tries to attune the soul to divine things. Believe me, friends, when I say that because I have learned to pray to a degree; because I know something of the rest of devotion, and sometimes know the peace of devoutness, have I tried to embody my faith in this building and the work it stands for. In so far as I have been able to touch the religious forces in the hearts of these people who have worked with me have they responded to this work. I am not afraid that the cry of the needy will dull my ears to the call of the spirit unless it be that I turn a deaf ear to that call. I am not afraid that in trying to be useful we will forget to be reverent, for the same coördination of nerves and muscles that move the feet are necessary to bend the knees.

A third problem distresses you, agitates your discussions. "How far should the pulpit venture to deal with the hot questions of the day and hour?" Again I will bear testimony of the experience of the twenty-seven years in this pulpit. So far as I and my household of faith are concerned, we have not been afraid to deal with these high, pressing, and consequently hot questions. For myself, I am only afraid that I may be disloyal to my opportunities by mincing my words or qualifying my sentences on such subjects.

As I look out upon the problems of today, there are but four or five great issues, civic, social, ethical, and spiritual before the American people at the present time. One is the mighty problem of the better adjustment of labor and capital. Another is the urgent demand of civilization that the fortresses of the world be dismantled; the nations dehorned; the armies disarmed; the building of "devil ships" devoted to the destruction of life and property stopped. Another crying need is the amelioration of race prejudice and the awful cruelties that spring therefrom. Then there is the ever-present and ever-urgent question of the deadly drink, the debilitating intoxicants of the bowl and pipe, and their horrible waste of material and spirit. Lastly, but not least,—I have not tried to put these questions in logical order,—is the adjustment of sex, the proper place of woman in the home, the community and the state.

Wisely or other-wisely, I have persistently brought all these questions to this pulpit and have tried to consider them in the light of religion with the name of God on my lips and the thought of God in my heart. I am in the habit of saying, "Woe to the preacher who takes these questions into his pulpit, but thrice woe to the preacher who keeps them out of it." To wisely discuss these questions on Sunday is a difficult matter, and the minister who ventures to do so bargains for trouble, but he who keeps them out of his pulpit bargains for damnation and nothing less. Again I say, I am speaking out of my experience. I am bearing testimony, not arguing.

We are driven to this synthesis for economic reasons, if for no other. Real estate is high in Chicago. It takes a lot of trouble to get money enough together to erect a building like this in Chicago, as my brother Hirsch knows. Once having won people's confidences and received their benefactions, it is up to us as trustees of their beneficences to use these at their maximum. The spiritual economics are still more imperative, but I cannot elaborate. It is all very well to speak of the work of the university, the hospital, the school, and the charitable organization, but we all know that in such a crowded mart as this there are great blocks of human life that are beyond the reach of all these instrumentalities but not beyond the reach of art, literature, science, comradeship, the readiness to help, and the need of help.

I wish we had time for you to ask questions that I might be more expliict, but it is time you were released. I cannot let you go until we sing together and I speak a word of benediction. Let us sing *America* and be dismissed.

THE PULPIT

From Luther to Emerson; or The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

SERMON PREACHED OCTOBER 3, 1909, AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES

I want to interest you in a theme that will be the object of our year's study in our classes in religion; I want to give you in outline what will be developed in detail in the classes that meet on Tuesday mornings, Friday evenings, and in our Sunday-school,—classes that are open to all, to which you are all invited.* If there seem ambiguity and confusion in my words, I ask you to suspend your verdict until you have heard the case argued at these meetings.

But having said this, let me hasten to say that I bring you a sermon which I hope may carry conviction, and beyond conviction land in action.

It is a long story from Luther to Emerson,—four teeming centuries; such centuries! Centuries fraught with more of change, enriched with more great discoveries, enshrined in more heroic deeds, and, what is better still, haloed in more tenderness, sweetened by more sacrifice, chastened by more self-discipline than any preceding four centuries, perhaps than all the preceding centuries of human history.

This I say in the face of certain confusing if not distressing facts. The fifteenth century witnessed to a united Christendom; the banners of the cross floated over all its cities. Rome was the imperial city by heavenly appointment, and the pope was the ruler of rulers by divine commission.

Harking back from this sublime unity to the Nazarene founder, we see that the triumph is a costly one. The martyrs, the crusaders, the inquisitors, the bold explorers, the ambitious conquerors, make sometimes lurid, sometimes radiant, always brilliant, the pages that trace the growth of Christianity from a road-side communion, a lake-side conference, to a mighty hierarchy with its splendid cathedrals, its far-reaching, sagacious monasteries that were the industrial and economic as well as spiritual centers of the civilization that then prevailed. Christianity in the fifteenth century was a splendid organism, nobly housed and imposingly expressed. The organ, the anthem, the noble ritual that helped the multitude to kneel, the splendid pictures and the sky-pointing spires that helped the prostrate to lift up their eyes and to lay hold of eternity,—all this was when Luther came.

When Emerson came, three and a half centuries later, what had we? A shattered Christianity; the spiritual empire of the pope broken into pieces, beyond any hope of repair; instead of one church, one faith, one ritual, one communion, a hundred and forty or more different sects; Germany, France, England, America, the garden grounds of civilization, distracted by religious contentions, the energies of communities divided, the peace of families disturbed, by contending creeds. Luther saw in the main a church-loyal, church-going, church-supporting, church-reverencing Europe. Emerson saw a vast multitude of people who seldom attended any church; if they went at all, it was to criticise or protest. He saw vacant pews, poorly supported preachers, reluctant contributors, children growing up to avoid if not to loathe the so-called instrumentalities of worship, of instituted religion, and the parents of these children indifferent to such instrumentalities, smiling at their children's irreverences, welcoming the diversions and excuses that seemed to justify their nonattendance, lack of attention and meager contribution, either of money or of mind, of time or of thought, to these things.

What an anti-climax is here to the dream of the Crusaders, the prayer of the Pilgrims, the rapt devotions of the saints! What a disillusion is here to the confidences and consecrations of Francis and Benedict, of Charlemagne and Alfred, of Ambrose and Savonarola! What a rude denial, what an awful satire is this Emersonian age on the vision of the bard and promise of the prophet of all ages! The hunger of the human heart at all times and all places is for unity; the cry of the soul is for harmony; the promise of the saviors of the race is peace and brotherhood.

What has happened? What brought about this desecration of the altars? What rude iconoclasts have entered the temple and with their relentless iron hammers broken the images and put out the altar fires?

The answer is not far to seek. We come promptly upon the startling paradox of religion, whether we study it in the long story of the centuries or the short story of our individual lives. This demolition, this denudation and desecration of the sanctities, was brought about, not by bad men but by good men. This high vandalism was perpetrated, not by fools but by philosophers. The confessionals were abandoned because the listening ears on the inside grew in honesty, sympathy and frankness. Luther, Calvin, Knox, Fox, Cromwell, Priestley, Channing, Parker and their fellow iconoclasts were not only brave men but good men. They trusted in God and fain would serve his children.

The plain unquestioned fact is that the Christianity of the fifteenth century, in all its splendor and glory, proved too small to hold all the sanctities, too narrow to include all the saints; its unity was splendid, but it was not big enough. The break came on account of its exclusions, not on account of its inclusions. "Pro-testants" is the name we give to these great iconoclasts. They protested against the tyrannies and the pretensions even of the holy church; they questioned the sufficiency of the scheme of salvation that would clothe with priestly power bad men, that would impose the interpretations of narrow minds upon men who read more deeply into holy texts. The Holy Catholic Church of the fifteenth century was robbed of its supremacy not on account of its catholicity but on account of its narrowness and its exclusion; it was narrow in thought, blind and often cruel in morals. Luther and his successors struck for liberty. The Christianity of his day had crystallized prematurely; there were other elements to be added, holy forces which had been excluded.

Into these teeming centuries Copernicus brought a new universe, a larger heaven, and Charles Darwin brought a new earth, a longer history. Science found an older Bible than that of Hebrew and Christian writ, and the soul of man, as George Eliot says, "widened toward the past." The exploring Christians, Columbus and his successors, went forth in the name and in the interest of the cross; they found more than they sought, not only new continents but new peoples, strange Bibles and august sanctities.

*See programme, page 507.

What, then, have these protesting centuries to offer in extenuation of their high crime against unity and harmony? Can they atone for the great loss of a united Christendom? For it was a loss. O it is a great pity that family ties had to be sundered, nations had to be dismembered, and what seemed to be the seamless robe of the Master, woven from the top throughout without seam, visited with an indignity which the soldiers at the foot of the cross avoided, torn into rags and tatters.

First, I would say that these protesting centuries have brought to Christian altars an element of humility. When dogmatism confronts dogmatism the dogmatic spirit is ameliorated. Protestantism has rebuked the arrogance of popes and cardinals, the "bumptious" confidence of commentators, the cocksure confidence of the creed-makers. It has compelled the Christian in one fold to recognize sanity, virtue, integrity, aye, blessedness and saintliness, thriving in the other fold, which his creed and his priest have declared degenerate and degrading.

Protestantism has resulted in many fences, but, thank God, the fences have not been so high but that the gardeners looking over into the other garden patches discover there, first to their chagrin and then to their delight, that the roses and lilies they had prized as the rare and exceptional products of their own flower gardens grow beyond their fences.

This modesty has encouraged the explorers; they have dared fare forth on unknown seas; they have dared sail beyond the Pillars of Hercules and have sent their prows through the goblin-haunted waters in search of the *terra incognita*—the unknown lands, and thus sailing they have found the waters pacific and the unknown lands the lands of invitation and of opportunity! new Americas for the spirit; new worlds for God, Christ and brother man.

These triumphs have heartened the explorers; they have learned to believe more in the sailor and the vessel he floats as well as in the ocean he plows and the lands he seeks.

In this daring, man has grown more sympathetic; protestantism has witnessed the growth of fraternity; the nations have come closer to one another; the ties of brotherhood have united those who stood aloof. Protestantism has increased the spiritual stock in trade of all the nations of the world by making the commodities of all available to each. Egypt in the time of Luther was the land of fleas, beggars and sore eyes; India, if thought of at all, was known as the realm of superstition; China, the over-crowded country of rice-eating ignorance; Babylon and Nineveh, sightless ruins, a kingdom of tombs, the fitting haunts of owls and jackals.

But Napoleon's soldiers found the little slab of black basalt three feet square in the miserable little hamlet of Rosetta in the valley of the Nile. With this key, Champollion unlocked a vast literature. Botti, Layard, George Smith and others, digging in the sand mounds of Assyria, re-discovered a lost civilization. Professor Sayce, poring over the "Monuments of the Hittites," revealed the life of a vast empire which once reached from the Euphrates to the Aegean, an empire which the world had entirely forgotten. Columbus, sailing westward, sought a shorter passage to India; he found America. Three hundred years later Sir William Jones sailed eastward in a merchant ship, seeking trade, and found a vast Hindoo literature. In 1723 one of those merchant ships brought back to England a fragment of what was pronounced a dead Bible, written in a dead language, by a dead people. For thirty years it hung suspended by an iron chain in the Bodley library at Oxford, an unexplained curiosity; then a young Frenchman, a student, Anquetil du Perron, went in search of this dead people and found living souls feeding on the loving texts of the Zend-Avesta, the Bible of the Parsees, which strangely rhymes with the ethical glow of the old prophets of the Bible and the practical thrift and industrial ethics of the modern Yankee.

In 1870 Schliemann began digging on the very spot where Paul heard the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us!" and found the remains of seven distinct cities, laid the one upon the other. He found that 2,500 years before Paul visited that place there was right then and there a Trojan civilization, delighting in bronze weapons and gold ornaments. He went in search of the Troy of Homer, but he found six other Troys beneath that which Homer knew.

In the British museum the famous stone of King Sargon is found; this was placed under the corner of a great temple in Babylon 3800 B. C. The Code of Hammurabi, discovered at Souza only eight years ago, is as much earlier than Moses as Moses is earlier than Jesus.

These old Bibles command our respect, not only because they are venerable but because they are precious. They are familiar; so familiar that the favorite texts in our Bible sound like sweet echoes of a far-off music.

These human surprises in far-off realms and far-off times have necessarily increased our measure of man; they have reacted upon our estimate of the individual; our respect for this masterful creature who has strangely outreached the idyllic Adam of the Genesis story in his normal estate, has deepened. He is no longer a "worm of the dust," scourged of heaven, bearing the brand of Cain upon his brow, but, spite of all short-comings, he is a child of light, an intrepid explorer who dares pierce the frozen regions of the north and conquer the unmeasured ice fields and lie down and sleep at the frozen apex of the world. He dares penetrate torrid jungles; he has knit the continents together with his sub-marine cables; he has sent his messages through the unwired air spaces that overhang the seas, and he is soon to follow his "Marconigrams" from continent to continent, a wingless creature sailing on wings of his own creation.

These triumphs of man have reacted still further on our estimate of human work. The Protestant centuries have given to Christianity a new adjective, touched a new virtue,—they have made the human "humane."

O the beautiful stories of John Howard, Dorothea Dix and Samuel J. Barrows! O the beautiful work that has given academic culture to Helen Keller without the aid of eyes or ears! O the piety that has given father care and mother love to orphans, nursed homeless ones into health and peace on beds of spotless linen, with the intelligent care of benignant nurses and skillful medics!

The Protestant centuries have extended the humanities to the sub-human realms. They have protected the abused horse from his more brutal master; they have befriended the friendless dog and sheltered the homeless cat.

In all of these and in countless other directions the Protestant churches have justified their crime against unity, their breach of peace, their break with the sanctities of the church.

And still further down and further out has the sacred realm been extended. Religion has touched the rock with meaning, the flower with liturgical power. Mountain and glen, forest and prairie, swamp and desert, are all charmed to the men of the twentieth century. There is no spot left as large as the palm of a man's hand in all the infinite spaces to give resting-place to the foot of any devil, malignant of nature and essentially and fundamentally defiant to God and goodness, because from center to circumference all is law, all is order; nature and human nature are one, and allied to divinity. If Greek or Hebrew texts confuse, precept and parable be misunderstood or misleading, the microscope, telescope and spectroscope bring unfailing revelations. Their revealments change not and are indisputable. However defective the papacy at Rome may be, the hierarchy of the sciences holds.

Hence the Protestant churches have contributed to religion an element of immediateness; the indwelling God is here and now; the laboratory reassures the faith that may waver in the library. The old Catholicism saw a lurid hell in the hereafter; dreamed of a resplendent heaven in the beyond,—death and judgment day lying between the mortal and these destinies; the Devil and Gabriel standing waiting on the far banks of the dark river to escort the soul to its woe or its bliss.

All that remoteness is changed to nearness. Already the flames of hell envelop us and already the bliss of heaven soothes us. Nightly we yield our souls to torment or to peace, according as our lives are attuned to hate or love.

One other striking addition has come into the religious thought and life of these Protestant centuries. Perhaps nothing measures so effectively the far cry from Luther to Emerson as the sinking of individual wants and woes, individual sins and virtues, into the larger life of the community, the wants and woes of society, the sins and virtues of the State. Luther found a Christianity that was painfully egotistical; there was a feverish dread of personal damnation and a more feverish clamor for personal salvation. That selfishness still obtains, but Emerson closed his eyes on a Christianity that was ashamed to go to heaven alone; that preferred hell wih the slave rather than a heaven with the slave-holder. The church of Luther called for justice to the individual; the church of Emerson calls for civic justice. Personal morality is today immoral; the man who can simply say "I have kept the commandments from my youth up," must more and more go away sorrowing because of the poor he has left unsuccored and the wealth which he claims but has not earned, which he wields but does not deserve. The costly raiment and sumptuous tables may represent today the spiritual rags, the soul-starvation, of those who wear them and indulge in them.

What, then, has Protestantism to offer in atonement for its ruthless shattering of the united Christendom of the fifteenth century?

The sense of an enlarged universe, a prolonged history, the humility that springs therefrom, an older and larger Bible, an increased appreciation of this world and its marvels, a widening sympathy, an increasing intimacy with Nature, an unfailing trust in law, a divine order that brooks no miracles, a revelation that is continuous, a God that is immanent, a life that already lays hold of eternity.

But still, in spite of all this, the broken fragments of Christendom lie all around us. The strike for freedom and the quest for truth have brought these hundred and forty or more different kinds of Christianity. Protestantism has divided and sub-divided itself into imbecility. Sectarianism is the reproach of the twentieth century and denominationalism is the burden of the devout missionary and the consecrated philanthropist.

Must it be ever thus? A better word than "Protestantism" for this great epoch in religious history, reaching from Luther to Emerson, is "Reformation." We talk about the era of "the Reformation." The word itself is strangely suggestive, splendidly prophetic,—Re-formation.

One of the delightful stories which Lincoln used to tell of himself was of his tactical perplexities when serving as captain of Volunteers in the Black Hawk war. It was the confidence of his comrades and not his military fitness that made him captain. He was no adept in tactics. Once on drill he was moving his company in line, marching steadily towards an open gate which was too narrow to allow the line to pass through. For the moment he had forgotten the command necessary to move his company "end wise," as he used to say. In his perplexity, at the last moment, the command was given, "Company halt!" and then the command was, "This company will break ranks for one minute and re-form on the other side of the gate!" and the manoeuver was successfully accomplished.

Something like this has happened to Christianity. The marshalled line of Christendom could not pass through Luther's gate of reason and righteousness without being broken up. But the moment of disorder is coming to an end and there will be a re-forming of the line on the other side of the gate; a new marshalling into order of the forces of God.

"The Passing of Protestantism and the Coming of a New Catholicism" is the title of Prof. Newman Smyth's recent book.

> "Line in nature is not found;
> Unit and universe are round."

is the joyous exclamation of Emerson. Herbert Spencer called his system a synthetic philosophy, a putting together. I see signs of a splendid coming together, of an impatience with the "schisms" and the "isms" of our dav. What mean our Y. M. C. A.'s, our Y. W. C. A.'s, our W. C. T. U.'s, our Christian Endeavor societies, our Free Religious societies, our Parliaments and Congresses of Religion? What means this hesitancy of young men and women to enter the ministry of religion through sectarian gates and under denominational obligations? It means that sect morality and denominational patriotism, like individual moralitv and individual salvation, are giving way to a race-consciousness, to a world fellowship. It means that a new Catholicism is coming that will rest upon the universal experiences of man, upon the great harmonies of ethics and the still greater unities of duty; a church that will hear the cries of the helpless without asking their color or their creed; a church that will rush to relieve the suffering without asking what church the sufferers belong to or whose interpretation of the Bible they accept.

What is this church to be called? I do not know. Perhaps, like the great white stone of the Apocalypse, given to him that overcometh, it will bear a "new name which no one knoweth but he that receiveth it." Will

it be called "Christian?" I do not know. Surely it will not be the Christianity against which Luther fulminated and to defend which Calvin built his dykes, or for the propagation of which Wesley organized his battalions, or in the name of which even Channing and Parker made their eliminations.

Is this, then, what I mean by "Universal Religion"? I am not sure of that. I have hinted at the material, perhaps indicated some of the processes, pointed to some of the rich mines which we are to work, and the priceless gems of thought which we may find therein in our season's study in the classes already alluded to.

Again I invite you, one and all, to join with me, with as much regularity and persistence as you may, in the study of The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion, during the great, holy, revealing period in human history that reaches from Martin Luther to Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE FLOWERING OF CHRISTIANITY INTO UNIVERSAL RELIGION

The Seventh Year in the Seven Years' Course

The topics in black-face type will be the subject of lessons.

A. PROTESTANTISM; ORTHODOX CHRISTIANITY.
Erasmus, 1465-1536; **Luther,** 1483-1540; **Henry VIII,** 1491-1547; Melancthon, 1497-1560; **Calvin,** 1509-1564; **Knox,** 1505-1572; **The Puritans: Fox,** 1624-1691; Swedenborg, 1688-1772; **Wesley,** 1703-1791.

B. PROTESTANTISM; LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY—UNITARIANISM AND UNIVERSALISM.
Servetus, 1511-1553; **The Socini:** Laelius, 1525-1562; Faustus, 1539-1604; In Transylvania, **Francis Joseph**; in Wales, Jenkin Jones; in England, **Joseph Priestley,** 1733-1804; in America, **William Ellery Channing,** 1780-1842; **Hosea Ballou,** 1771-1852; **Theodore Parker,** 1810-1860.

C. THE ENLARGEMENT BY SCIENCE.
Copernicus, 1473-1543; Sir Isaac Newton, 1642-1727; Sir Charles Lyell, 1797-1875; **Darwin,** 1809-1882.

D. THE ENLARGEMENT BY SKEPTICISM.
Voltaire, 1694-1778; Rousseau, 1712-1778; **Thomas Paine,** 1737-1809; Thomas Huxley, 1825-1895.

E. THE ENLARGEMENT BY LITERATURE.
Shakespeare, 1564-1616; Goethe, 1749-1832; Shelley, 1792-1822; Wordsworth, 1770-1850; **Whittier,** 1807-1892; Browning, 1812-1889.

F. THE ENLARGEMENT BY BIBLICAL SCIENCE; THE HIGHER CRITICISM.
Hugo Grotius, 1583-1645; David F. Strauss, 1808-1874; George H. Ewald, 1803-1875; Renan, 1823-1892; **Kuenen,** 1828-1891.

G. THE ENLARGEMENT BY THE COMPARATIVE STUDY OF RELIGIONS.
Sir William Jones, 1746-1794; Anquetil Du Perron, 1731-1805; Champollion, 1790-1832; **Max Mueller,** 1823-1901.

H. THE HUMANITARIAN ENLARGEMENT.
John Howard, 1726-1890; Samuel G. Howe, 1801-1876; **Dorothea Dix,** 1805-1887; Florence Nightingale, 1820-——; William Lloyd Garrison, 1805-1879; Henry Berg; Susan B. Anthony, 1820-1906.

I. SOCIALISTIC ENLARGEMENT, APPLIED CHRISTIANITY.
Robert Owen, 1801-1877; **John Ruskin** 1819-1901; Henry George, 1839-1900; **Llof Tolstoy,** 1828-

J. THE AMELIORATION OF DOGMA; THE NEW ORTHODOXY.
Bishop Colenso, 1814-1833; F. W. Robertson, 1816-1853; **Horace Bushnell,** 1802-1876; Henry Ward Beecher, 1813-1887; Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893.

K. THE NEW CATHOLICISM; GROPINGS TOWARD ORGANIZATION ACROSS DENOMINATIONAL LINES.
(a) **Orthodox—The Board of Foreign Missions, Young Men's Christian Association, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Christian Endeavor Societies.**
(b) **Liberal—Free Religious Associations, The Parliament of Religions, The Congress of Religion.**

L. PROPHETS OF UNIVERSAL RELIGION.
Immanuel Kant, 1724-1804; **Ralph Waldo Emerson,** 1803-1882; **James Martineau,** 1805-1900.

M. CONCLUSION AND HOME APPLICATION.
All Souls Church; the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

The Macmillan Company of New York sent me a volume of their Golden Treasury Series, being a selection of poems made by Palgrave some twenty-five years ago, and dedicated to Tennyson. This edition gives two volumes in one, and is very handy for carrying about in your pocket. Scholars know that it is a scholarly collection, and has never been surpassed. I have only one objection to it, that the print is too fine for those who are careful with their eyes.

From Dodd, Mead & Company I have the New International Year Book for 1908. I let this book lie in the pile of new books for some weeks—merely glancing through it. I have waked up to the discovery that it is the most remarkable hand book of contemporaneous history extant. The articles are thoroughly written, and while in popular style, are none too much so. I advise you to get this book as the one most important hand book of which I have any knowledge. Its collection of articles covers the whole field of events for 1908, but a good deal more than that; for each article is in itself a complete essay,—all the way from Agriculture to the Emmanuel Movement and from Chemistry to Music and Sports.

The "Guest of Quesnay," by Booth Tarkington, and published by the McClure Company of New York, is one of the really first-class stories published within the last twelve months. It brings things out just right at the end, and sends you to your work delighted because of something that never happened. Anyhow something as good as this ought to happen every day. Some of these novels do us a deal of good, for without them I think we should sometimes get tame. Here is the memorandum that I wrote on the fly leaf: "I have long been a confirmed evolutionist, but without appreciating my monkey inheritances. I have to see the world a good deal from the monkey bias. I am only slightly arboreal, but after all what I want all the time is to get off the earth—up, up; and so my theology begins with 'Our Father in the Heavens'; and the end of all hope is a mansion up in the skies. You see we are still on a climb."

From the Bobbs-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, comes "The Making of Bobby Burnit." This is a really good story, only it is carried out a little too far. The episode that represents Bobby running an opera company should be left out. The letters from the deceased father are very taking—for the most part.

I have from my neighbor, Senator Root himself, his lectures before Yale University, entitled "The Citizen's Part in Government." While I differ from him in some of his views of parties, I hold the volume to be invaluable as a study for young men. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. I have known Elihu Root from his boyhood up, and I hold him to be an ideal citizen, as well as a statesman in the fullest sense of the word. He is as gentle as he is strong, and as a friend he ranks as high as he does as a diplomat.

Outing Magazine under its new management is superb. It can claim to be the one indispensable magazine for outdoor life, and to lead the way back from congested city life to the roses and the apple trees. Mr. Britt, who has bought it, is its very able editor.

E. P. Powell.

Correspondence.

Dear Unity: This week thousands of young men and women are turning their faces toward our universities. Many of them are leaving Unitarian or Universalist homes for institutions located in towns in which we have liberal churches. Thus every year between one and two hundred such students come here to Ann Arbor. It is the privilege of the ministers settled over our college town churches to know, and to aid in various ways, many of these students. But in almost every case we have to hunt them out ourselves. Rarely do they bring letters from their home ministers. This ought not to be the case. Every one of our ministers from whose parishes these young people are going to college ought to notify the minister in the college town to which the young people are going, or, at least, he ought to see that some one in his church, an Alliance or Y. P. R. U. Secretary, for example, does so. This is merely the performance of an obvious parish duty toward the young people, and of an equally obvious professional courtesy toward his brother minister. Yet it is seldom attended to.

On behalf of all our college town ministers, may I not ask the co-operation of our brethren in this matter? Such co-operation will make our work easier and happier, and will help us to fulfil our mission more adequately.

Faithfully yours,

Henry Wilder Foote.

Ann Arbor, Mich., September 27, 1909.

THE STAR SHIPS

Upon the waves of the great sea-sky,
  Where the moon-island dreamily floats,
Sailing about, with laughter and shout,
  Are hundreds of gay little boats;
Some are quite large,—they are nearer, you see,—
  And some are quite faint and afar:
Each little boat has a bright little sail
  And each little sail is a star.

And "Come up and drift!" they are calling to me,
  "The sea is so blue and so wide!"
And the little sails wink, and it's pleasant to think
  That each longs to take me to ride;
But sadly I say, "You are too far away,"
  And their light trembles down on my face;
So hailing the brightest, far upward I send
  My heart's dearest wish from my place.

—*Miriam S. Clark.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

Sun.—A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge.

Mon.—The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.

Tues.—Be true if you would be believed.

Wed.—Out of the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.

Thurs.—The essentials of an elegant comfort are not difficult to procure.

Fri.—To make some human heart a little wiser, manfuller, happier....It is work for a God.

Sat.—The great soul of the world is just.

—*Carlyle.*

THE WEAVER

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
  His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above,
  Till the patterns seemed to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been—
One small stitch which could scarce be seen;
But the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out,
And a weak spot grew in the fabric stout;
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye
By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life, in God's great plan.
  How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may, or strive how it can,
  To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb!
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;
And each life that fails of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Goats as Trail-Makers

The value of the Angora goat in cutting trails through the forest to prevent the spread of fires is being demonstrated on the Lassen National Forest in California, and the instinct of this animal to eat any and every kind of vegetation which it encounters while browsing has been proved without question.

These goats, which number three thousand, have been divided into bands and, under the care of herders, are grazed within certain well-defined areas so that their work may be concentrated upon the brush within those limits. The result is that they have practically killed nearly all the brush in their course, either by eating it to the roots or by barking, as in the case of the tough manzanita shrubs. At the beginning of the experiment there was some doubt as to the goats' willingness to eat the manzanita, but it has been found that where there is little other vegetation they will attack it just as readily as any other bush.

The grazing season was so late this year on the Lassen Forest that the goats did not begin operations until about the middle of June, but since then the animals have made great headway. Now that the trails are being opened and kept free of sprouts by these goats, the government is saving all the labor of clearing them by hand, as has been done heretofore and the brushy forage which otherwise would have been wasted is supporting the herd very comfortably.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE UNION OF FREE-THINKERS AND FREE-BELIEVERS.—One of the most interesting experiments, or efforts, in the line of uniting diverse elements by seeking for the points of practical agreement is the French organization known as the *Union des libres penseurs et libres croyants.*

Responding to an inquiry by the editor of *L'Avant-garde,* a free-thinker, F. Gache, and an independent believer, Charles Wagner, express themselves briefly on the subject of this "Union" in the current number of that paper. Mr. Gache speaks in part as follows:

The convictions and the aspirations of Mm. Belot, Buisson and Seailles are familiar to me, I love them and seek to embody them in my life. But the convictions and aspirations of Mm. Gounelle, W. Monod and Wagner have never shocked nor even startled me. With no sacrifice of my own ideas, I have readily grasped theirs, loved the ideal of the free believers, admired their enthusiasm and envied their fervor. To employ the phraseology of your interrogatory, I am conscious of a real community of aspirations, ideal and aim between myself and them. They call the kingdom of God what I call the future city. They know and I know that these terrestrial paradises will not be given to us, that we must desire them, prepare them, conquer them by constant effort and sacrifice; they know and I know that generations of faithful workers will pass before the work will even seem begun. But it does not surprise me that their method differs from mine, and that the ardor of their efforts is not the same; *non omnia possumus omnes.* It would not be well to have all men alike; it is enough if they understand and supplement one another, and establish relations of confidence and friendship.

Such ties, I have every reason to believe, are formed at Paris. In the Solidarity of Alais, where free-believers are much more numerous than free-thinkers, I have been able on more than one occasion to expound and to win approval for the methods and aspirations of free thought. In this environment, where Christian socialists are in the majority, little by little Christians without a label, independent Catholics, freemasons and free-thinkers have come into association with the believers. They are attracted, held and won by the generous concern of men like Neel and Gounelle; by their grasp of economic questions, and their passionate desire to establish justice and love among men. Hence there arises the living, joyous, confident consciousness, every day renewed and strengthened, of a real community of aspiration, ideal and aim of methods and of effort. Along with this consciousness is the feeling on both sides that harmony is desirable, that it should be unceasingly loved, fostered and increased. Things done once for all are neither fruitful nor permanent. In co-operation as in life, that is soon endangered which is not renewed day by day; renewed by growth.

Charles Wagner says: As far as the union of free-thinkers and free-believers is concerned, let us not cavil at the word Union. A courteous rendezvous is not a union, but letting the word pass, this which we so designate is very useful. Our age suffers for lack of contact among thinking people. Here an attempt at such contact has been made. The success of the attempt proves that it met a real want. We need, as contemporaries, to talk things over and to cultivate a spirit of neighborliness among those who have not the same conception of existence, yet are equally plunged into it and may spoil or beautify it for each other. For twenty-five years I have nowhere found better opportunities for openhearted, mutually frank discussion of the gravest, most disputed subjects than in the *Union pour la vérité* founded by Paul Desjardins, and the *Union des libres penseurs et des libres croyants.* Neither is a union, if we adhere to the strict definition of the grammarian, but I could never sufficiently express with what depth of feeling I give to these two unions, which are not unions at all, the testimony of my gratitude. One should thank God for all sincere converse; it is so rare.

M. E. H.

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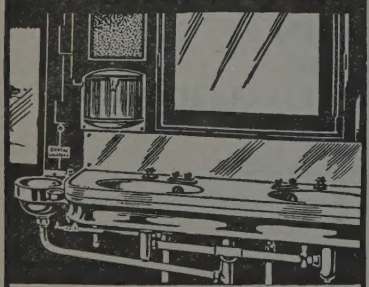

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